

THE
STAGE-COACH
O P E R A.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

BY HIS

MAJESTY'S Servants.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

D U B L I N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

Micher, The old Uncle.

Isabella, His Niece.

Squire Somebody.

Basil, A Captain, in Love with *Isabella*.

Fetch, His Man.

Tom Folt, The Stage-Coach-man.

Dolly, The Maid.

Macabone, An Irishman.

Landlord.

Servants.

Several Guests in the *Inn*.

Hofler.

The Time of *Action* the same with the Time of *Representation*.





THE
STAGE-COACH.



ACT I. SCENE, An Inn.

Enter Fetch, with a Cloak-bag and Pistols.

HERE! House! Where are you all!—
Now we've supp'd, I'll see if my Mas-
ter's Bed be ready:—*Tom, John, Robin,*
Where a Plague are ye?—All deaf?—
No Attendance in those Country Inns?—
This is worse than the *Rose-Tavern* after Play, the
Sun-Tavern after Change, or the *Devil-Tavern* af-
ter Church.

Enter Dolly.

Doll. D'ye call, Sir?

Fetch. Call, Sir? What a Plague—Egad 'tis a pret-
ty Girl—Hark you, Child, do you serve Travellers
upon the Road here?

Doll. Yes, Sir.

Fetch. Kifs me, then.

Doll. That's the Chamber-maid's Business: D'ye
want any Thing else?—I'm in haste.

Fetch. What Room does my Master lie in?

Doll. The *Castle*.

Fetch. And what Room do I lie in?

Doll. The *Garret*.

Fetch. Very well! and what Room do you lie in?

Doll. Underye.

4 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Fetch. Say no more ;—I'll but take a Dram to digest my Supper :—Lay these Things in my Master's Chamber, and then I'll talk with you in yours.

Doll. Are your Pistols charged? [*Takes the Things.*]

Fetch. Yes, yes, we always go charg'd, Child : A Brace of Bullets, I'll assure you.

AIR I. Every Man take a Glafs in his Hand.

Fetch. Every Man that would stand on his Guard,
Should be loaded with Bullets a Brace,
Cock and prime, and be always prepar'd
For a sudden Rencounter, or Chace :
If a stout Son of Mars should his Faulchion wield ;
Or an Amazon bold should display her Shield,
Let him bravely defy,
And with Courage let fly,
And no doubt but he wins the Field.

AIR II. On Enfield Common.

Dolly. Ob, have a Care, Sir,
A Virgin spare, Sir,
And lay your thundring Engine softly down,
Your bold attacking,
Will send you packing,
And Conquest will procure but small Renown ;
Yet if a Maiden,
With Troubles laden,
Shou'd face the Danger your stout Heart wou'd
Your Heat and Fire, [*yield, Sir,*
Wou'd soon expire, [*Sir.*
You'd hardly stand the Charge--but quit the Field,
[*Exit Doll.*

Enter Captain Basil.

Capt. What a tedious, tiresome, dull, jolting Vehicle is a Stage-Coach ! We that are in it, are more fatigu'd than the Beasts that draw it.—This unlucky Hurt, *Fetch*, that I've got lately, has hindered my riding Post, and thrown me into this confounded Company,—A bigbelly'd Farmer's Daughter, an *Irisb* Wit, a canting *Quaker*, a City Whore, and a Country Parson.

Fetch.



Fetch. And a disbanded Captain, Sir, for want of a stroling Lawyer, or a Nurse and a Child, to make up a clever *Stage-Coach* Set.

Capt. Aye, the swell'd Country Puffs plagu'd me with her screaming and wry Faces; the profound *Teague* with his Nonsense; the *Quaker* with the Spirit; the Whore with the Flesh, and the fat Parson with both.

Fetch. Truly, Sir, I pity'd you, for I don't think there was in the whole Company a Man of Parts, but you and I.

Capt. But must I be tormented two Days more with this Coach, before I get to *London*.

Fetch. Too true, Sir.

Capt. How can you tell?

Fetch. No body better, Sir: My Father in *London* has an Employment about the Coaches.

Capt. What's his Employment?

Fetch. Sir, he's a very worthy Citizen, that attends at *Blossoms-Inn* in Quality of a Ticket-Porter.

Capt. I must get to *London* sooner, or I ruin my Affairs—Let me talk with the Coachman; if it be possible I'll make him stretch for me. Call him hither.

[*Exit Fetch.*]

AIR III. Muirland Willy.

How tedious do the Moments pass

In Expectation of our Joy;

But hasty Time oft shakes his Glass,

If Pleasure we employ.

Too rigid Fate, you deal us Bliss

Swift as rapid Torrents flow,

But Care and Anguish you dismiss,

Like Snails, by creeping slow.

Phaw, here's that *Irish* Booby.

Enter Macahone, staring about him.

Mac. Be my Shoul, 'tis a brave House, sure the Shentleman of the Tavern must be some Person of Quality,—Oh! my dear Master Captain, I am your most loving and much honour'd Friend.

Capt. Our Acquaintance, Sir, is a little too short for so much Familiarity.

Mac. Our Acquaintance too short, dear Joy, it ish threeſcore Miles long; and by *Shaint Patrick*, I would be very joyful for being your eſpecial Friend, becauſe I am afraid we ſhall never meet again.

Capt. May I crave your Name, Sir.

Mac. My Name ish *Tourlough Rauwer Macabone*, of the Pariſh of the *Curough a Begely*, in the County of *Tipperary*, Elhquire; where is my Manſion Houſe, for me and my Predeceſſors after me.

Capt. Very well. And pray, Sir, what Affairs carry you to *London*?

Mac. No Affairs, my dear Joy: for I have tranſacted my Buſineſs in *London* before I came there.

Capt. That's ſomewhat an odd Way of doing Buſineſs.

Mac. By my Shoul, Sir, it is the quickeſt Way tho': I was going to *London* to make my Fortune.

Capt. How, Sir?

Mac. Why, by the Law, Friend, or Phyſick, or a Merchant's Wife, or Back-Gammon, or any of theſe honourable Profeſſions; 'tis all the ſame to *Macabone*, Fait: But I have made my Fortune already, by my Goſhip's Hand.

Capt. How pray, Sir?

Mac. Becauſe, my dear Joy, you are my intimate Friend, and a Stranger, I will communicate that Secret into your Stomach: The fine Lady in the Coach, *Madam Strowler*, is a rich Merchant's Wife in *Vinegar-yard*, by *Drury-lane* in *London*, and ſhe is fallen in down-right Affections with me, and treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to pay the Reckoning for her in every Plaſh.

Capt. Honeſt *Jenny* the Player has ſnapt this Booby, and e'en let her make a Hand of him. [*Aside.*] Are you ſure ſhe's rich?

Mac. By my Shoul, ſhe ſhew'd me a Diamond as big as a Potatoe; and, I ſaith, it look'd almoſt as clear as Glaſs; and ſhe keeps her flying Chariot too, ſhe told me ſo herſelf: And by my Shoul, I am ſo cunning, that if anoder had told me ſo, I had not believed him.

Capt. You're plaguy cunning indeed, Sir.

Mac.

Mac. O Ara, dear Joy, we are all so : Upon my Shoul, let an *Irishman* alone for making his Fortune : He is as cunning as no Man alive.—But, my dear Joy, I wish I was after going to Bed to digest my Supper :—Here are two Beds in your Chamber, and pray, my dear Friend, tell me, do you intend to lie in 'em both ?

Capt. 'Tis probable, Sir, I shall use but one.

Mac. Then, Sir, with your Leave and Permission, I shall use the t'other :—But pray let me not incommode your Person, if you intend to lie in both the Beds.

Capt. Not at all Sir,——Booby ! [*Aside.*

Mac. Sir, I am your most obliging Servant.

Capt. Coxcomb ! [*Aside.*

Mac. I render you many Tanks. [*Exit Macahone.*

Enter Coachman and Fetch.

Capt. Honest *Jolt*, how is't ? What shall I give thee to drink ?

Jolt. Thank you, Master ; what you please ; here's rare *Nantz* in the House. A Cogue, or so, wou'd do no Harm.

Capt. Here, *Fetch*, bring us half a Pint.

[*Exit Fetch.*

Well, *Jolt*, canst do a Man a Kindness upon Occasion ?

Jolt. A Kindness ! Aye, Master, an that be all—We Coachmen are all mighty civil Fellows, you know.

AIR IV. Dame of Honour.

There's ne'er a Coachman drives a Coach,

But what's an honest Fellow ;

At your least Beck, we soon approach,

Or when your Servants bellow.

We use our Fare

With tender Care,

Go fast, or slow, to ease you :

If Maids are kind,

We know your Mind,

And softly drive to please you.

Capt. Are your Horses good ?

Jolt. Special good Cattle, Master : A *London Doctor* wou'd have set up his Coach with them, if we had trusted to the Fall of the Leaf :—And but t'other Day
here,

here, one of your Stock-jobbers hir'd 'em for an Election :—E'Cod they had almost got him the Place.

AIR V. Tho' Claret be a Blessing.
*You'll find in ev'ry Nation
 By shining Gold's Persuasion ;
 A Fool is fit
 (With Wealth) to sit,
 Far higher than his Station :
 Be ne'er so dull,
 If Purse is full,
 Votes will come whene'er they call :
 Tho' the Fools
 Are but Tools
 For the Wise to work withal.*

Enter Fetch with Brandy.

Capt. Here, *Jolt*, pull it off.

[Gives Jolt the Brandy.]

Jolt. Your Health, Master, *[Drinks.]* Rare Stuff, after my twelve Eggs and a Pound of Bacon.

Capt. Well, *Jolt*, can I be at London by to-morrow Night ?

Jolt. To-morrow Night.—Aye, Master, *[shrinks.]* if you can fly.

Capt. See here, *Jolt*, *[Pulls out a Purse.]*—My Business is so pressing, a good Share of this Purse is thine, if thou wilt hasten our Journey.

Jolt. If that be all, *[drinks all.]*—'Tis done.—We are to be in London the Dayafter to-morrow by ten a Clock at Night.—Now, Master, to oblige you, I'll be there by Nine.

Capt. Is the Fellow mad ? I tell thee I must be there to-morrow.

Jolt. Aye, so you may, if you can : 'Tis a long Way, Master—The Roads are deep, and I won't spoil my Horses ; they're dearer to me, poor Beasts, than my Wife and Children.

Fetch. Silly Fool ! thou hast no more Sense than the Horses ; why there's enough in that Purse to bribe thy very Master, the Duke of Mantua, and two or three German Princes.

Jolt.

Jolt. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. [*Peeps in the empty Purse, and throws it down.*] What do you prate for? These Beau Footmen are as Cock-a-hoop of late, as if they had Places at Court—I'm an honest Man;—Bribes won't pass i'the Country now.—Besides, I must not baulk my Stages—(*Aside.*) The Innkeepers have brib'd me already. [*Exit Jolt.*]

Capt. Well, tho' it kills me, I must ride Post.

Fetch. But pray, Sir, what makes you in so much Hast?

Capt. Why this Letter from my Mistress. [*Reads.*]

MY DEAR,
YOU'VE heard I've lost my dear Mother; my Uncle (to whose Care I am left) not considering your Pretensions, is resolv'd to marry me to another: But what's worse, the old Gentleman has got my writings, and I must seem to comply with his Desires: If you would prevent my being made a most unfortunate Creature, fly to my Relief, my dear Basil, with all the Speed which your Love, and my Distress require.

ISABELLA.

I'm afraid I shall come too late. Run to the Post House, get us Horses, and we'll mount this Moment—But whom have we here?

Fetch. Some of the Company that came in the London Coach, that supp'd on t'other Side o'th' House.

Enter 'Squire Somebody, bringing a Band-box, with other Luggage, a Mask, and a Fan.

Squ. Come, Mrs. *Isbel*, I've got your Things. Bless us, what a Parcel of Luggage these Women carry about 'em; and the poor Lover here, must be subject to the Slavery of Band-boxes.—Mrs. *Isbel*, why don't you come away?—I'm as tir'd as a Scotch Pedlar under his Pack.

Enter Isabella. She starts, seeing the Captain.

Isab. Ha!

Squ. Ha! What's the Matter, my dear Wife that is to be?

Isab. I miss my Watch: I fear I've lost it in the Room where we supp'd, pray go and see.

Squ.

Squ. Aye, by all means,—Here, look to your Things ; there are Strangers about.

[*Exit Squire, having laid down the Things.*]

Capt. Ha ! what do I see ? Look, *Fetch*, is not that *Isabella* ?

Isab. My dear *Basil* !

[*They embrace.*]

Cap. My *Isabella* ! what Miracle has brought you hither !

Isab. You receiv'd my Letter ?

Capt. There it is ; and it has brought me so far in my Journey to you.

Isab. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name, dreading your Return to *London*, has thought fit to hurry me down to the Country-house of that Block-head, that I sent just now on a Fool's Errand, under pretence of losing my Watch : My Uncle is at the Bar, haggling with the Landlady, and is to come up presently into the Room where we lie. Now if you can find a Way to rescue me from the old Knave and the young Fool.——

AIR VI. Tell me, tell me, dearest Creature.

Isab. *If we lose the fair Occasion,*
I no more shall bless thy Sight ;

Bas. *Love avert the dire Vexation,*
And secure my Soul's Delight :

Isab. *Vain is idle Invocation,*
While our Foes their Strength unite ;

Bas. *But we'll mock their Combination,*
Flying thro' the Shades of Night.

But here he comes—He's the Son of Sir *Aminadab Somebody* in *Lancashire*.

Enter 'Squire Somebody.

Squ. Gone ! gone ! no Watch to be found : O Lord, Gentlewoman, see what your Uncle will say to you : Lose your Things so aforehand.—I won't lend you mine.

Isab. You need not, Sir—for the Watch is found again ; I had only put it in the wrong Pocket.

Squ. And that's thirty Pounds in mine. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Sure I should know that Voice and Face too.—Sir, are not you related to the Family of the *Somebodies* ?

Squ.

Squ. Yes, Sir, my Father is Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, Baronet, and I am his eldest Son by the first Venter, *Nicodemus Somebody*, Esquire.

Capt. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend, Sir *Aminadab*.—Pray, Sir, what Lady is that with you?

Squ. 'Tis only my Mistress, at your Service.——We want but a Parson, a Wedding-dinner, a Pair of clean Sheets, and a Sack-posset, to send us the Way of all Flesh.

Capt. Then, Sir, upon your Account, I'll presume to pay my Respects to the Lady. [*Salutes Isabella.*]

Squ. Sir, you're a very respectful Person.—Well, how d'ye like her? Won't she make a rare Tit for young *Somebody*? She's a little in the Dumps at present, but we shall dump her out of that.

Capt. What, out of Humour, and so near her Marriage?

• *Squ.* Ay, there was a certain Captain that lov'd her, and she lov'd that certain Captain. Now, I can't tell how the Devil this Fellow had wimbled himself into the Mother's Favour, and had got her Consent: But as good Luck wou'd have it, the old Woman was pleas'd to go where all old Women shou'd go: and so Mr. *Micher* being a very honest Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian; but having a deadly Aversion to a red Coat,——struck up a Bargain with the Father for me, and we're going down to our House to take Possession of the Premises:—So this Scoundrel of an Officer is like to be disbanded; and she, forsooth, is vex'd, because she can't serve under him—Ha, ha, ha, [*Laughs.*] Poor Dog, he's broke of all Sides.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, silly Fellow;—He'll hang himself, that's certain; what should Soldiers do else in Time of Peace.

Squ. Ay, my dear Friend, I shou'd be glad if they were all hang'd—but for the Sake of the *French*;—Perhaps you may know this same Captain,—'Tis one *Basil*, a poor insignificant Ringleader of fifty Rogues: Ha, ha, ha.

Capt. Basil! I know him: Bloody Rogues he led indeed:

Squ.

Squ. And he the saddest Rogue of 'em all ! Ha, ha, ha. [Laughs.]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, [Laughs.]

Ifab. If you thought this Captain overheard you, you durst not talk at that rate.

Squ. Durst, say you ? Odsfookers, I fear neither Man, Woman, or Child ;—And I wou'd tell him so to his Face,—when my Friend stands by me here.

[Shaking the Captain by the Hand.]

AIR VII. From the Italian.

Think not to affright

A Man of my Might,

By threatening Wounds and Scars,

I'll swell and look bluff,

Vapour and buff

Spite of your Bully of Mars.

Ifab. *Remember the Jest*

Befel the bold Beast,

Array'd in the Lion's Skin,

When Spite of Harangues

Bruises and Bangs

Shew'd the dull Coward within.

Capt. Softly, Madam : My Friend *Nicodemus Somebody*, is a Person whom you ought to regard :—In time you'll have no Cause to complain.

Squ. Ah, dear Sir, you do me more Honour than I deserve :—But don't you think now that I am much more for her Turn than this same Raggamuffin ?

Capt. There's no Comparison, Sir ; and I think no body can tell better than I. So I can assure the Lady, this is like to be the last Trouble you shall give her.

Squ. Well said, 'faith. E'cod, I've got a good Friend here, and did not think on't.

Ifab. Aye, but if *Basil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your Friend both.

Capt. Why, what wou'd you do, if *Basil* were here ?

Ifab. I wou'd run away with him to the next Parson, and leave *Nicodemus* here in the Lurch.

Squ. *Nicodemus* thanks you with all his Heart.—Did not I tell you now, how she was bewitch'd by this Captain ?

tain? The Devil's in these Captains, I believe—Cod, I've a mind to be a Captain too.—Odfookers, now I think on't, my dear Friend, I am Captain already of the Militia: (and that's a kind of a Captain) And do you think that we that pay them, are not better than they?

Isab. Well, but we cou'd do it, Sir, and you never the wiser: For while my Uncle and you were fast asleep, I cou'd steal out of my Chamber, fly into *Basil's* Arms, and he shou'd have a Coach ready to hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next Morning.

A I R VIII. Last Part of the *Dutch Skipper*.

*When a Lady is fir'd by a Hero brave,
With Invention quick
She will frame a Trick,
To cheat a dull Fool, and a sordid Knave,
And fly to her Love's Defence.
Secure in their Folly she boasts her Scheme,
And sees them insult on the fancy'd Dream,
'Till suffering quickens their Sense.*

Squ. Odfookers, she's a cunning Jade, for all that: I shall have a rare Wife of her.

Capt. Well, well, Madam, I understand you; we shall take Care of that Matter.

Squ. Aye, aye, so we will; my dear Friend here, and I shall watch your Waters,—I'll warrant you—Oh! here's Uncle *Micher*.

Enter Micher, with a Bill in his Hand.

Mich. Ha! the Cut-throat Dogs! here's a Bill for you: The fat Jade at the Bar will score her self to the Devil, before any Sollicitor, Taylor, Phyfick, or Tipple-poisoner in *Europe*.

A I R IX. O ponder well, &c.

Mich. *This Jade will score herself to Hell,
If she such Bills does make.*

Squ. *Then get the Priest that Tale to tell,
And she may warning take.*

[Gives the Bill to the Squire.

B

[Squire

[*Squire reads.*] *For Bread and Beer* 8s. 10d.--Here's as much Bread and Drink as wou'd serve the *French* in *Spittle-fields* for a Week.—*For a Calf's Head and Bacon*, 10 s. *For a boil'd Pig and Colliflowers*.—That I bespoke, 9s. *For a red Herring*—That was yours, Uncle, 1s. *For a Bottle of Hart's-horn*, —That was your Supper, Mistrifs, 7d. Hey-day! what's here; *Mull'd Sack, Dumplins, Cheese, Oranges, Toast and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, Brandy, Tarts, and Tobacco.* In all, two pounds, thirteen Shillings, and three pence three farthings,—*Besides fire.*—The De'el fire the House.

Mich. Well, how shall we club this Matter? There's the old Woman that has the King's Evil: And t'other that stops the Coach every Minute, to go behind a Bush, they won't pay as much as we.

Squ. E'cod, but they shall: And for you, Mistrifs, you shall pay but a Crown, because you eat nothing; and that you may not think you're hardly dealt by, I'll sing you the Song that makes it *Stage-Coach* Law.

A I R X .

L E T's sing of Stage-Coaches,
And fear no Reproaches,
For riding in one;
But daily be jogging,
While whistling and flogging,
While whistling and flogging,
The Coachman drives on:

*With a Hey, geeup, geeup, hey ho;
With a Hey gee Dobbin, hey ho;
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
Geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho;
With a hey gee Dobbin, hey ho.*

*In Coaches thus strolling,
Who wou'd not be rolling,
With Nymphs on each Side;*

Still

*Still prattling and playing,
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily ride :
With a Hey, &c.*

*Here Chance kindly mixes,
All Sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men ;
We squeeze them, we ease them,
The Jolting does please them ;
Drive jollily then :
With a Hey, &c.*

*The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving ;
Nor fear we to fall ;
For if the Coach tumble,
We'll have a rare Fumble,
We'll have a rare Fumble,
And then up Tails all :*

*With a Hey, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, hey ho ;
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
Geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee Dobbin, hey ho.*

Mich. Well, now let's go to Bed, that we may be the sooner out of this confounded Inn next Morning.

Squ. Well, my dear Friend, Sir, the best Friends must part, tho' it be Man and Wife :—But if you can step home with me, 'tis but hard by, about fourscore and ten Miles off, and stay there a Week, I'll make you so drunk, you shan't find the Way back again in a Month.

Capt. Sir you must excuse me, I am otherwise engag'd.

Squ. Good Night, Sir.

[Exit Squire.]

Ifab. Good Night, Sir.

[Exit with Micher, who hands her off.]

Capt. Your Servant, Madam—I hope you'll be in a better Humour to-morrow.—Ha ! Fetch, here's Fortune for you.—Now, my dear Lad, run, and at any Rate get us some Calash, Chariot, Coach, any thing to

hurry us to *London*.—Fly!—In the mean Time,
I'll run to my Chamber, and get every thing ready.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Jolt the Coachman.

Jolt. Hush! Mum's the Word; there's a plaguy Candle stands in my Sight.—Out, Informer, I'll spoil your peeping—The House is full, and Beds are scarce, therefore I can't lie in my own: So, good Wife at home, by your Leave. We Travellers are forc'd sometimes to lie two in a Bed.—'Tis main dark: Rare driving now in a deep Road and a rough Way.—Odsnigs, if *Dolly* now thou'd be skittish, and won't let me; I'll knock at her Chamber Door, however; and if the Door will open, well said, Door, I'll enter; and if *Dolly* will do like the rest of her crew, well said, *Dolly*.——

A I R XI. Daniel Cooper.

*The Great may fancy as they will,
Only they have Pleasure,
The poor Man he enjoys it still,
In a greater Measure:
Labour fits us for Delight,
Hunger comes by Fasting.
He ne'er eats with Appetite,
Whose Meal is everlasting.*

Fox on't, here's a Light, 'tis not yet right Catterwauling Time:—So I'll sheer off 'till anon. *[Exit Jolt.]*

Enter Captain with his Things, and Fetch with a Candle.

Capt. Well, *Fetch*?

Fetch. I've done your Business, Sir.—I've found in this very Inn a Calash, with four good Horses, that thou'd have gone empty to *London* to-morrow Morning. I've agreed with the Coachman to go with you immediately:—He'll be ready at a Whistle.

Capt. That was lucky: And I've got my Things here; they shall lie till *Isabella* comes out—I wish she was here.

Fetch. Sir! Sir! think I hear a Noise?

Capt. Put out the Candle then, and let us step into that Corner; for here we must wait for her.

[Fetch puts out the Candle.]

Re-enter

Re-enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coast is clear.—I have had a strange hankering after this same *Dolly* this great while, and for her Sake I have set up here at the *Angel* now : If she won't be civil, d'ye see, I'll carry my Guests to the *Saracen's-Head*, where I shall have the Hostler to take care of my Horses, and the Maid to take care of me.——Now for her Door.

Fetch. Ods my Life, Sir, we've forgot one Thing ; the Gate is lock'd up by this time ; how shall we get out ?

Capt. What shall we do ?

Jolt. Hush ! I hear something.——Shou'd this be some Rogue now creeping into *Dolly* !——I'll put a spook in his Wheel. [*Aside.*

Fetch. I've thought on't : The Maid's a good tractable Wench ; she'll do what we'll have her.

Jolt. Will she, Faith, ye Dog ? Sirrah, I'll take Care of that. [*Aside.*

Fetch. I'll knock at her Door ; for a Piece of Money, I'll warrant you, she'll do the Jobb.

Jolt. Perhaps I may do your Jobb first, you Catter-wauling Son of a Whore. [*Aside.*

Fetch. 'Tis well If I 'scape a good Dab on the Nose here. [*Groping about.*

[*Jolt strikes him with the But-end of his Whip.*] Confound that Post ; 'tis deadly hard.—Her Door is on this Side, I'm sure. [*Jolt strikes him again.*] Ha ! what's that ?—another Post ?—'ware Nose the third Time.—Oh, sure here's the Door ; I'll knock. [*Hits the Coachman in the Teeth.*] *Dolly, Dolly* !—Plague on't, she's asleep.—Sure I'm right.—Where's the Key-hole ?—Oh, I've found it. [*He puts his Finger in the Coach-man's Mouth, who bites it.*] Oh, the Devil, the Devil ; help, help, Sir ! I've got my Finger here in a Rat-Trap.

Capt. Where art thou ? [*Jolt lets his Finger go, and lays him on with his Whip.*]

Jolt. Gee, gee, gee ho, hey gee ho.

[*As whipping his Horses.*

Fetch. Murder, murder ! help, help !

Capt. Hold, hold ! you Dog, or I'll kill you. [*Draws.*]

Jolt. Gee ho, gee, hey gee ho.

[*Whips on.*

Fetch.

Fetch. Murder, murder! help! the Devil lays me on.

Enter Hostler with a Light.

Host. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

Jolt. Come on, gee, gee ho, my hearts. [*Whips on.*]

Host. What a Deuce d'ye mean, Master *Jolt*.

Jolt. What's the Matter? What's all this Bustle for?

[*Yawning.*]

Host. What, are you drunk, or dreaming?

Jolt. What wou'd you have? Where am I?—Oh, Oh, is it you *Phil.* the Hostler? Odsnigs, I thought I had been in Bed. I dreamt that my Coach stuck in *Hockley the Hole*, and I was licking my Horses till I made 'em smoke again. I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, for taking you for my Beasts.

Enter Dolly.

Doll. What's the Matter here? Are not you asham'd to disturb People at this time of Night?

Fetch. You're come in good time, Child, to save that Rogue a beating; for now we've other Business.—A Word with you. [*Takes her aside.*]

Capt. Get ye gone, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Ears off, ye Dog. [*To Jolt.*] And you here, with your Light, go off, and leave us to our Business. [*Jolt retires to the Door.*]

[*Exit Hostler with Light.*]

Jolt. Odzookers, now they're driving the Bargain. E'cod, I'll overturn the Coach to-morrow in a Slough, to cool that Dog of a Captain's Courage in a Puddle.

A I R XII. The Scotch Tune.

Dolly. *Since Bribes are Fashions of each Day,*
 Why then shou'd I be out?
Both High and Low the Game will play,
 No Conscience makes a Doubt.
Your Coin I'll take but as my Due,
 'Tis Vales in such a Case,
And all well know there's very few
 But tack it to their Place.

[*Exit Dolly.*]

Fetch. The Town's our own, Sir; I've given *Dolly* a Guinea, she consents, and I've got the Key.

[*Holds the Key in his Hand.*]

Jolt. The Key! a Plague on her Lock. Now has the

the Minx granted at once what she has deny'd me this Twelve-month ; but that Guinea is the Devil at a Key stole : I warrant it would open a thousand Spring-Locks in *Covent-Garden*--I'll watch, and see what all this will come to. *(Aside.)*

Enter Isabella with a small Trunk.

Isab. He should be here.--Captain. *(In a low Voice.)*

Capt. My Dear. *(In a low Voice.)*

Jolt. My dear ! ah the damn'd Jade :---She's come out to him now. *(Aside.)*

Enter Micher, groping his Way.

Mich. Does she walk in her Sleep ? Where can she go at this time of Night ?--I'll watch her. *(Aside.)*

Isab. Captain ! where are you ? *(In a low Voice.)*

Capt. Here, here.

Mich. Captain ! Sure she can't have her Captain here. *(Aside.)*

Jolt. Odsnigs, they're going to't ; but I'll spoil their Sport. *(Aside.)*

(The Captain and Isabella meet.)

Isab. Come, I'm got out at last ; and what's more, I've got the Writings.

Micher meets the Coachman, they lay hold on each other.

Mich. Ah, you young Baggage, have I caught you ? Lights, Lights, here.

Isab. Sir, I hear my Uncle's Voice--Let's lose no time.

Capt. Let's away, my Dear.---*Fetch* take up the Things. *(Exit Captain and Isabella.)*

Fetch taking up the Things, drops the Key, and Exit.

Mich. Lights here, Lights.

Enter Hostler with a Candle.

Host. What's the Matter here again ?

Mich. Ha ! what the Devil, who are you ?

(Looks on Jolt.)

Jolt. And who are you, an that be all ?

Mich. Where's my Niece ? Ah, you Pimp, you're in the Plot too, Where's that damn'd Rogue the Captain ?

Jolt. (Aside.) Your Niece ! the Captain has other work in Hand : But this is a rare Time to quit Scores with him. *[To*

[To Micher.] If you want the Captain, Sir, you'll find him in that room with his Whore.

Mich. His Whore! the Dog make my Niece his Whore! get a Constable.—Help! a Constable.

Enter Squire Somebody yawning.

Squ. Here, what a Devil's the Matter? Can't you let a body sleep, among you.

Mich. Ah, *Nicodemus*, we're all undone! the Captain here has got away your Mistress into that Room—and what they are doing Heaven knows.

[*Squire goes to the Door and listens.*]

Squ. Ha! I hear some Noise, I hear some Noise within; why don't you break open the Door, Uncle?

Mich. Why don't you?

Squ. She's your Niece.

Mich. She's your Wife, that is to be.

Squ. I can't tell that now.

Mich. A Constable, let's have a Constable.

Squ. A Constable, a Constable. [*Both together.*]

Jolt. I'll run and call up my Landlord, he's a Constable. *Exit Jolt.*

[*Here one appears at the Window, or Balcony; and after he has spoke, another appears on the opposite Side, in Night Caps.*]

What's the matter there? [*In a masculine voice.*]
A Man may as well sleep in a Paper Mill, as in one of these confounded Inns.

What Noise is that below? [*In a feminine Voice.*]
Are the People mad?

[*Here several People pop out at several Windows and Balconies, with Night Caps, and cry out all at once in different Voices.*]

Omnes. Are ye all distracted here? Is the Devil in the People? What's the Matter below? Why do you make such a Noise? Will no body tell us the meaning of this Uproar?
Squ.

Squ. Nothing, nothing, Mistress ; no Harm, only a Gentleman who is making me a Cuckold before my Time.

A I R XIII. There was three Lads in London Town.

Mac. *In City, Town, and Country too,
 A Cuckold is no wonder ;
 'Tis more than any one can do,
 To keep a Woman under ;
 Your Horns, dear Joy, will grace your Head,
 And fit you for high Station ;
 A Wife will save your Soul, when Dead,
 And fait you're in de Fashion.*

Enter Landlord and Jolt, with a Leaver in his Hand.
Servants.

Land. Here, where are these People ?

Squ. There, Sir, in that Room.

Land. Come out here ; I charge you in the King's Name :

A I R XIV. An old Woman cloathed in Grey.

*Authority Hard-head here calls
 A Constable famous for Might,
I silence all Squables and Brawls,
 And snore in my Chair ev'ry Night ;
And therefore strait open the Door,
 And let me your Crimes understand,
Or as I'm a Son of a Whore,
 I'll punish you all by this Hand.*

—Why then stay where you are in the Devil's Name.—
Break open the Door. [*Jolt breaks open the Door.*

Land. Why don't you go in ?

Jolt. Why don't you go in ? You are an Officer.

Land. Then I command you to go in before me.

Jolt. Let the 'Squire go in, 'tis his business.

Squ. Let my Uncle go in, 'tis more his than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in ; tho' he be a Captain,
he is but one. [*They all go into the Room.*

Enter

Enter Dolly at another Door.

Doll. What can they be searching for in my Chamber?

AIR XV. To *Chloe* the Kind and the Easy.

*How wretched were Dolly's Condition,
If under the Bed
Her Lover were hid,
Expecting the Hour of Fruition;
And panting with eager Haste,
Instead of a whispering Voice,
Awak'd by a boist'rous Noise,
His Heart wou'd so beat,
It wou'd surely defeat
His hopes, tho' the Storms are past.*

Re-enter 'Squire Somebody, Micher, &c.

Squ. The Devil a Thing is here, but an old Pair of Boddice, a broken-backed Chair, a Quire of Ballads, a Flock-Bed, and a green-Chamber-Pot.

Doll. Why, Gentlemen, the People that you want are gone: They took the Key from me, and went out.

Squ. Gone! O ye Skies. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Mich. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

Squ. Aye, aye, Horses, Coaches, Spurs, Whips, Spatterdashes, Gambadoes, Boots, and Sashoons;—Away.

Land. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, what's here? [*Landlord finds the Key*] The Key of the Great Gate?—They must be in the House still, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Doll. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Land. Then they must have dropt the Key, and are in the House still.

Squ. Huzza! have at 'em there; Swords, Halberts, Quarter-Staves, Muskets, Pikes, and Pocket-Pistols.

Mich. Find 'em out, find 'em out then.

[*Exit Land. Jolt, and Servants.*]

Why don't you go help 'em, Nephew?

Squ. I stay to keep you Company, Uncle.

Enter Captain, in a Night-Gown.

Capt. What's the meaning of all this Noise?

Squ.

Squ. Ah! my dear Friend, stand by me now. [*Runs to the Captain and embraces and kisses him.*] Who shou'd be here but that damn'd Rogue of a Captain that we talk'd of, and has run away with my Mistrefs.

Capt. The Devil he did! And how will you use him when he's found.

Squ. Use him! I'll pump him, I'll fouse him, flay him, carbonade him, and eat him alive.

Capt. But hark ye, Sir, don't make such a Noise; you'll disturb my Wife.

Squ. What, Sir! are you married?

Capt. Married, and bedded since I saw you.

Squ. To whom?

Enter Isabella, and all the rest, except Macahone.

Capt. To this Lady, Sir.

Squ. Uncle!

Mich. Nephew!

Squ. Speak, you're the older Man.

Mich. Married, it can't be! how cou'd you be married so suddenly?

Capt. Very luckily, Sir: We intended, indeed, to have had it done more decently; but my Blockhead dropt the Key, and being stopt that Way, we saw a Light in the Minister's Chamber, that travelled with me.—We went up, and found him smoaking his Pipe: He first gave us his Blessing, and then lent us his Bed.

Squ. He was a very civil Gentleman.

Mich. Sir, this won't pass upon me.—What Evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul he needs no Evidence, for I am one: I was call'd to be a Witness: His Man did waken me before I was asleep; and if you will believe no body, you may go up and ask the Minister.

AIR XVI. Under the Green Wood Tree.

Mac. *He needs no Evidensh, dear Joy,
 For fait now I am one,*

I was

*I was awak'd by dat brave Boy, [Pointing to Fetch.
'Fore I to Sleep was gone.*

*I saw de Parson say de Grace,
In Troth now this is true,*

De Meat was drest

And of de best,

And fait he did fall too.

Capt. And in return, my dear Country-man, I'll take Care to do you a Service in relation to your pretended Merchant's Wife.

Mich. Then since it is so, much good may't do you with your No-Fortune——Her Mother did not leave her a Groat.

Squ. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Ifab. Sir, it will appear otherwise by my Writings.

Mich. Writings, what Writings? I've no Writings of yours.

Capt. No more you han't, Sir, for here they are.

[*Shews them.*

A I R XVII.

Capt. } *Thrice happy we by Love and Hymen joyn'd.*
Ifab. }

Capt. *Souls cementing,*

Ifab. *Hearts contenting,*

Both. *Free and yet confin'd.*

Capt. *While you, my fairest,*

Ifab. *You, my dearest,*

Both. *Gently rule my Mind.*

Capt. *No more my absent Fair,*

With jealous dread tormenting ;

Ifab. *No more shall Rivals dare,*

My trembling Heart invest.

Capt. *Cares ever pleas'd and pleasing,*

Ifab. *Joys evermore increasing,*

Both. *Swell my tuneful Breast.*

Capt. *With Raptures warming,*

Ifab. *Charm'd and Charming,*

Both. *Thou its only Guest.*

Mich.

Mich. Confusion! then I know what I have lost.

Squ. And so do I too: I've lost my Labour; I've lost my Friend; I've lost my Uncle; and I've lost my Wife.

*But since the Coach such Novelties has bred,
The 'Squire unmarry'd, and the Captain Wed;
I'll be reveng'd, and go,——I'll go to bed.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





PROLOGUE.

Spoken upon the Revival of this Comedy, at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, some Years since, when acted for the Benefit of the AUTHOR.

Written by Mr. SAMUEL PHILIPS.

LIKE some abandon'd Mistress of the Town,
By long Enjoyment stale and nauseous grown,
A thousand little cunning Tricks she tries,
T'appear more tempting in her Lover's Eyes;
Studies each Hour new Arts t'increase her Charms,
And draw him back to her once lovely Arms:
But all in vain, in vain the Nymph does labour,
And racks Invention to regain your Favour,
Nothing will do, since you're resolv'd to leave her. }

This is our Case; what Projects han't we try'd,
In hopes you'd stick the closer to our Side?
Both Day and Night toil'd with incessant Pains,
T'increase your Pleasures, and augment our Gains:
Nay, when we found we'd nothing here wou'd do,
We ransack'd the whole Globe to find out new,
And all for such ungrateful Souls as you. }
Do what we cou'd, you left us here alone,
Our Fate and your Unkindness to bemoan.
To poor *Monimia* you unpity'd, mourn'd,
Her moving Sighs, alas! were all return'd, }
By a more piercing, ecchoing, hollow Sound.

Yet

PROLOGUE.

Yet after all th' Unkindness you have shown,
(Such easy Fools as we were never known)
We'd persevere again, renew our Toil,
Wou'd you but crown our Labours with a Smile;
And, as a Proof, we here this Night present you
With something *New*, which will, we hope, content you:
And if at last, this the stray'd Town reclaims,
We're fully satisfy'd for all our Pains;
Your once-lov'd Stage its drooping Head shall raise,
And from its *Rival* boldly snatch the Bays.
But yet, if after all you'll not relent,
But stedfastly are on our Ruin bent,
Don't with the Guilty slay the Innocent.
To Night, at least, let's your Compassion share,
And out of Charity be pleas'd to spare
The half-starv'd *Poet*, tho' you damn the *Player*.



EPI-



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. Basil.

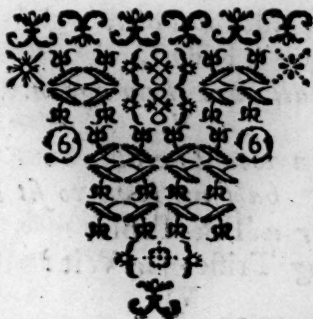
Written by Mr. PHILIPS.

AT length, Gallants, with whipping, and much
[flogging,
And Ribs most sorely bruised by Jolts and Jogging;
Safely am I arriv'd at th' Land of Matrimony,
(A Land, I'm told, that flows with Milk and Honey)
In which, accompany'd with my loving Wife,
I intend to travel out the small Remains of Life :
If I've mistook the Path, and gone amiss,
And 'stead of th' promis'd Land of *Happiness*,
Find it a barren, curs'd, uneven Soil,
O'er-run with Briars, and not worth my Toil ;
How shall I curse the Authors of my Sin,
Who with fine gilded Words first drew me in,
And noos'd the cred'lous Wretch fast in the
[Marriage Gin ? }
But all in vain, for there is no Relief
To heal my Sorrows, and correct my Grief ;
No Pray'rs, no Tears can wash away my Crime,
Nothing will do, unless aloft I climb, }
And fairly rouse my self a second Time :
Yet that, perhaps, may like the first, deceive ;
Therefore let what will come, I'll e'en contented live.
If my kind Spouse t' *Incontinency* is given,
That's not amiss, for *Cuckolds* go to Heaven. :

Besides,

EPILOGUE.

Besides, of late, a *Cuckold* and a *Rogue*
 Are the two only Men who're most in Vogue.
 To *Cuckoldom* the Citizens lay claim,
 They, cunning Knaves, (submitting all to Gain) }
 Know 'tis the chief Step to a golden Chain ;
 And, I dare say, there's not one to be found,
 But first wore Horns, and then the *Scarlet Gown*.
 To *Roguery* the Courtiers most pretend,
 Yet it finds neighb'ring *Cit* no backward Friend ;
 That, like the other, to Preferment leads,
 Then sure he cannot fail that both Paths treads.
 The latter——
 As being an *Officer*, I understand,
 Knows how to cheat, as well as to Command :
 Yet I don't doubt, but that my Spouse is kind,
 And then too soon I shall the former find.



SONG

SONG on a TRIFLE.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

I.

A Trifling SONG you shall hear,
Begun with a Trifle, and ended:
All Trifling People draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

II.

*Were it not for Trifles, a few
That lately have come into Play,
The Men would want something to do,
And the Women want something to say.*

III.

*What makes Men Trifle in Dressing?
Because the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent Trifle, a Beau.*

IV.

*When the Lover his Moments has Trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain,
No sooner the Virgin is Rifled,
But a Trifle shall part them again.*

V.

*What mortal Man wou'd be able
At WHITE'S * half an Hour to sit?
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking Trifles for Wit?*

VI.

*The Court is from Trifles secure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see;
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.*

* CHOCOLATE-HOUSE in St. James's-street.

VII.

*But if you will go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will shew you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed!*

VIII.

*A Coach with six Foot-men behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin ;
But, ye Gods ! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within ?*

IX.

*A Flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad ;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle, by Gad.*

X.

*A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow ;
A Peace is a Trifle to Day ;
Who knows what may happen to Morrow ?*

XI.

*A Black Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it, the Red may endeavour ;
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.*

XII.

*The Stage is a Trifle, they say ;
The Reason pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles so throng.*

XIII.

*But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot,
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.*

